

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HERBERT and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving Margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfilment of Herbert's prediction, that I should do so, before I knew where I was.

Herbert himself had come of age, eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday, with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain, when my birthday was. On the day before it, I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue-paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip to-day. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shaker—and I thanked him.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tombstone. The two ghastly casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they

were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

"Now my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, sir."

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

"At the rate of, sir?"

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate—of?" And then looked all round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

I had looked into my affairs so often, that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

"Now, I have asked you a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers. "Have you anything to ask me?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me to-day?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that, a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have—I—anything to receive, sir?" On that, Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, sir."

"You know you must say yes; don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes, sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me; you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting: "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now, take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now, unfold it and tell me what it is."

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

"How could I do otherwise!"

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now, that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your money affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountain-head, and no longer with the mere agent. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me. "I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry your words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his boots as if he suspected them of designs against him.

After a pause, I hinted:

"There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

"What is it?" said he.

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new. "Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—" there I delicately stopped.

"Will soon what?" said Mr. Jaggers. "That's no question as it stands, you know."

"Will soon come to London," said I, after casting about for a precise form of words, "or summon me anywhere else?"

"Now here," replied Mr. Jaggers, fixing me for the first time with his dark deep-set eyes,

"we must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Pip?"

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers, "that's my answer."

As we looked full at one another, I felt my breath come quicker in my strong desire to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting anything out of him.

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negating the question, but in altogether negating the notion that he could anyhow be got to answer it—and the two horrible casts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to sneeze.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with the backs of his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip. That's a question I must not be asked. You'll understand that, better, when I tell you it's a question that might compromise me. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

He bent down so low to frown at his boots, that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, straightening himself, "you and that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that's all I have got to say."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that he resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and would have nothing to do with it. When I raised my eyes again, I found that he had been shrewdly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

"If that is all you have to say, sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

He nodded assent, and pulled out his thief-dreaded watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favour us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make no extra preparation for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So, I said I

would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with, concerning such thought.

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished; he had raked his fire low, put his hat and great-coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick tightened his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"This friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone drier than any sawdust.

"With *some* money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bundle of papers at home; "with *some* money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see: there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had checked off each bridge in its turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk upon your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

I could have posted a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, "that a man should never—"

"—Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him."

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is one person, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; none but my official sentiments can be taken in this office."

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there, in a private and personal capacity."

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his doorway, towelling his hands, Wemmick got on his great-coat and stood by to snuff out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

I could not help wishing more than once that evening, that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard-street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to unbend his brows a little. It was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and suspicious world as he made of it. He was a thousand times better informed and cleverer than Wemmick, and yet I would a thousand times rather have had Wemmick to dinner. And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes fixed on the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten it, he felt so dejected and guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DEEMING Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. On arriving before the battlements, I found the Union Jack flying and the drawbridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and resistance, I rang at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

"My son, sir," said the old man, after securing the drawbridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he would soon be home from his afternoon's walk. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in everything, is my son."

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fireside.

"You made acquaintance with my son, sir,"

said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "at his office, I expect?" I nodded. "Hah! I have heard that my son is a wonderful hand at his business, sir?" I nodded hard. "Yes; so they tell me. His business is the Law?" I nodded harder. "Which makes it more surprising in my son," said the old man, "for he was not brought up to the Law, but to the Wine-Coopering."

Curious to know how the old gentleman stood informed concerning the reputation of Mr. Jaggers, I roared that name at him. He threw me into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily and replying in a very sprightly manner, "No, to be sure; you're right." And to this hour I have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

As I could not sit there nodding at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted an inquiry whether his own calling in life had been "the Wine-Coopering." By dint of straining that term out of myself several times and tapping the old gentleman on the chest to associate it with him, I at last succeeded in making my meaning understood.

"No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing. First, over yonder," he appeared to mean up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; "and then in the City of London here. However, having an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, sir——"

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

"—Yes, hard of hearing; having that infirmity coming upon me, my son he went into the Law, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," pursued the old man, again laughing heartily, "what I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say anything that would have amused him half as much as this imaginary pleasantry, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "JOHN" upon it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph "My son's come home!" and we both went out to the drawbridge.

It was worthy any money to see Wemmick waving a remote salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across it with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the drawbridge, that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

Miss Skiffins was of a wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged

her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and my complimenting Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it; then Miss Skiffins shut up, and John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together. On Wemmick's return from working these mechanical appliances, I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he said, "Well you know, they're both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

"And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening as an outward and visible sign that there was company), Wemmick invited me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that he did this to give me an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

Having thought of the matter with care, I approached my subject as if I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for: those, uncertain and unpunctual. I alluded to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and ignorance from his society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have done better without me and my expectations. Keeping Miss Havisham in the background at a great distance, I still hinted at the possibility of my having competed with him in his prospects, and at the certainty of his possessing a generous soul, and being far above any mean distrusts, retaliations, or designs. For all these reasons (I told Wemmick), and because he was my young companion and friend, and I had a great affection for him, I wished my own good fortune to reflect some rays upon him, and therefore I sought advice from Wemmick's experience and knowledge of men and affairs, how I could best try with my resources to help Her-

bert to some present income—say of a hundred a year, to keep him in good hope and heart—and gradually to buy him on to some small partnership. I begged Wemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one else in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, though I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever brought me here."

Wemmick was silent for a little while, and then said, with a kind of start, "Well you know, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

"Say you'll help me to be good then," said I.

"Ecod," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that's not my trade."

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I.

"You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head. Mr. Pip, I'll put on my considering-cap, and I think all you want to do, may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

"I thank you ten thousand times."

"On the contrary," said he, "I thank you, for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still it may be mentioned that there *are* Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

After a little further conversation to the same effect we returned into the Castle, where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The responsible duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting his eyes. It was no nominal meal that we were going to make, but a vigorous reality. The Aged prepared such a haystack of buttered toast, that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar; while Miss Skiffins brewed such a jorum of tea that the pig in the back premises became strongly excited, and repeatedly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

The flag had been struck and the gun had been fired, at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the moat were thirty feet wide by as many deep. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the Castle, but the occasional tumbling open of John and Miss Skiffins: which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it. I inferred from the methodical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

We ate the whole of the toast and drank tea

in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause of repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then she put on her gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said, "Now Aged Parent, tip us the paper."

Wemmick explained to me while the Aged got his spectacles out, that this was according to custom, and that it gave the old gentleman infinite satisfaction to read the news aloud. "I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.?"

"All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself spoken to.

"Only tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick, "and he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased, that it really was quite charming.

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt's, with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to come through a keyhole. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of putting either his head or the newspaper into them, he required as much watching as a powder-mill. But Wemmick was equally untiring and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged read on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Whenever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amazement, and nodded until he resumed again.

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a slow and gradual elongation of Mr. Wemmick's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins's waist. In course of time I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins neatly stopped him with the green glove, unwound his arm again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation laid it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins's composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen, and if I could have thought the act consistent with abstraction of mind, I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

By-and-by, I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and gradually fading out of view. Shortly afterwards, his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense on my part that was quite enthralling and almost painful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly, Miss Skiffins stopped it with the neatness of a placid

boxer, took off that girdle or cestus as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am justified in stating that during the whole time of the Aged's reading, Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

At last, the Aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce a little kettle, a tray of glasses, and a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignity of a rubicund and social aspect. With the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the Aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins mixed, and I observed that she and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, and under the circumstances I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the Aged, and having passed a pleasant evening.

Before a week was out, I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in that matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him again upon it. So, I went out to Walworth again, and yet again, and yet again, and I saw him by appointment in the City several times, but never held any communication with him on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was that we found a worthy young merchant or shipping-broker, not long established in business, who wanted intelligent help, and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and me, secret articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for sundry other payments: some, to fall due at certain dates out of my income: some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins's brother conducted the negotiation; Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never appeared in it.

The whole business was so cleverly managed that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which he came home one afternoon, and told me, as a mighty piece of news, of his having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchant's name), and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination towards him, and of his belief that the opening had come at last. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, he must have thought me a more and more affectionate friend, for I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy. At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

A great event in my life, the turning-point of

my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it, and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give one chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

UNDER THE GOLDEN FEET.

Forty years ago, a young English merchant undertook what was then the hazardous venture of opening a trade with the Burmese. Jealous of strangers, save when they chanced to become the personal friends of the monarch, strict protectionists, exclusive and conservative, they were not very inviting people to deal with; but the chance of danger lends an unspeakable charm to this vulgar common-place life of ours, and the more certain a man is of getting his throat cut, the more eager he is to try his fortune in the very spot where the razor is being sharpened. Mr. Gouger was more attracted than repelled by the probable dangers of his career; and after narrowly escaping shipwreck on the terrible Prepara shoal, anchored off Rangoon, where his first Burmese experiences were to begin. After a visit from the collector of customs and his followers—during which visit the one ate cheese, and the others, in imitation, yellow soap—the customary bribes were given, and the ship's rudder allowed to remain where it hung; without the bribe it would have been unshipped, so as to leave the vessel at the mercy of the authorities. The cargo was then sent on shore, the king's tenths were levied, and Mr. Gouger was now free to ascend with unshod feet the houses of the magnates of the land, and there, in their presence, twist himself into a constrained contortion of body, half sitting, half kneeling, while the great men before him were enjoying their ease on some cushions of honour. The tables were turned, and from the haughty superiority of the British resident in Hindustan, the Anglo-Saxon blood had to humble itself to the insolence of the Burmese, and taste the pleasures to be found in servility and submission. After a few weeks spent at Rangoon in learning the manners and customs of his new hosts, Mr. Gouger set sail up the Irrawuddi for Amerapoora, the then residence of the king and court, where he hoped to do a first-rate business, and make his fortune with the fabulous certainty of the "earliest trader." He found that city in a state of mourning and decay, the king having lately resolved to remove to the ancient royal residence of Ava; and as the removal of the palace means, in Burmah, the creation or destruction of the city, Amerapoora was in sack-cloth and ashes—the one-half ruined, and the other preparing for ruin. The young foreign merchant was received graciously. No royal tenths were extracted, no custom-house hindrances offered, no petty thefts, no official insolence, but only a wild mad curiosity to see what strange treasures had been brought from the far West. But Mr. Gouger was better taught than to expose even the extreme hem of a Manchester pocket-handkerchief before having

laid himself and his property at the mercy of the Golden Feet; so he sent his interpreter to inquire of one of the great lords if the Golden Feet would graciously receive him, and on the return of a favourable answer, mounted one of the beautiful little ponies of the country, and trotted off to the palace. Here he found majesty domiciled in a temporary hut of bamboo and thatch. The stars had shown certain conjunctions which necessitated the vacation of the royal palace, and made it absolutely necessary that the royal head would rest beneath a meaner roof. The place was very slight and unfinished; humble indeed, and wholly unornamented; with a large bunch of straw and the royal emblem of the gilt umbrella covering the whole. This *tee* or gilt umbrella is to the Burmese what our Queen's standard is to us, and marks the sacred presence in an appropriate and unmistakable manner. No glittering gold-encased majesty, such as is used to show itself like a half-revealed divinity to awestruck envoys, received the white merchant, but a pleasant, good-humoured, jolly-looking young man of about thirty, whom he found in the easiest and least terrifying attitude possible. Seated cross-legged on a gilt arm-chair of European make, dressed exactly like any other Burman of condition, save that his silken girdle was of scarlet check—a colour appropriated solely to the royal family—he was chatting familiarly with his court, assembled round him in the half-kneeling, half-sitting attitude betokening respect. A long array of presents, heaped up on gilded trays—among which an immense cut-glass dish and twelve stands of muskets and bayonets attracted the most attention—preceded the white foreigner. They were his offerings to the Golden Feet, and pleasantly introduced him to the golden notice. The donor followed close behind, bending as he walked, and, when he sat, crouching in the prescribed attitude in the best manner of imitation possible to him. After a few words of interpreted talk, the king turned to one of his suite, and spoke to him; when a voice said, in a good, clear, English accent, "Are you, sir, an Englishman?" to the utmost astonishment of the new comer, who had no idea of meeting with a countryman among the courtly officials of the King of Burmah. The speaker was an elderly man of the name of Rodgers—called *Yadza* by his adopted brethren—who had escaped to Burmah under the belief of having committed murder, and who once held the place of collector of customs there: a post then filled by another adopted foreigner, M. Lanciego, a Spaniard. The new man pleased. He "took" with the sovereign unequivocally, and the court of course followed suit. He was suffered to sit cross-legged like the king and an English tailor; he might look the king in the face, while the highest Burman noble must keep his eyes turned reverently to the ground; he accepted a pawn or betel-nut from the chief queen's own box, and instead of putting it in his mouth, as he was bound by politeness and respect to do, was allowed to deposit it in his waistcoat-pocket,

with only a peal of laughter for his mistake—such a mistake would have cost a native his life; he was clothed in scarlet check like the royal family, and the royal ladies were made to pay him honestly for his goods, without an over amount of royal cheating; majesty condescendingly clapped his head as a mark of recognition, and let him eat fried sand crickets from the royal dish; in a word, he was a prime favourite, suddenly exalted to the highest pinnacle of Burmese favour, and in a position which the greatest noble of them all might have envied. The younger brother of the king, the daring, reckless, extravagant Prince of Tharawudi, befriended him as openly as the court; so the sails of his good fortune were filled with every prosperous wind blowing, and there seemed to be no breakers in the halcyon sea ahead.

Things went on smoothly for some time, and the white merchant could do no wrong. He might even surreptitiously cut the throats of sundry sheep and oxen in his yard, contrary to the express law of the empire, which forbids the slaughter of any animal, and assigns for public food only such beasts as have died by natural causes; and he was in equal favour with the king and the two rival factions of the chief queen and the Prince of Tharawudi; he made about one hundred and sixty per cent by his venture, and seemed to himself to be set in the highway of all kinds of success. But when he wished to turn his eight thousand pounds of gold and silver into marketable commodities, and so go on increasing his gains, the law stepped in, and his fortunes turned pale at the contact. He could not send the bullion out of the country: it was illegal; rice, metals, raw silk, jewels, marble, horses—it was equally illegal to export any one of these things; there was only teak timber which might be shipped off, and of this the expense of carriage would more than swallow up the gains. Here, then, was the first adverse breath, the first check in this hitherto easy sailing of the foreign ship. But a little judicious bribery changed all this, and after a residence of two months at the court, Mr. Gouger was allowed to embark his effects and treasures, and proceed to Calcutta for more goods. In due season he returned to Rangoon, escaped the alligators and the custom-house officials, and once more found himself beneath the shadow of the Golden Feet, which now trod the meaner earth in the ancient city of Ava.

Much congratulation followed the return. The usual presents were offered and accepted, and Burmese life and Burmese court-favour were as bright as heretofore; the Prince of Tharawudi was still the rollicking boon companion of former days; the ladies still as fascinated with their Manchester cottons and Birmingham gewgaws; the noble greyhound, presented to the king to eclipse the glory of the mastiff of the prince, was held dearer than gold; and who could foretell that the little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, would so soon become the tempest that should slay all within its sphere? That little cloud was the growing

hostility of the Burmese towards the British government. Slowly and sullenly it gathered in the horizon; blacker and blacker, and spreading farther and wider, as the warlike feeling gained strength, and the "braves" of the empire grew impatient to meet their enemies in war. With the confidence of the ignorant they believed that to meet was to conquer; and could not be brought to understand that ever a nation living was superior to themselves. They had heard of the fabulous wealth of Calcutta, and every fighting man was inflamed with the desire to make one in the sack which was so sure to follow, if they could but be brought face to face with their enemies in the field. And not even when hostilities actually broke out, and the British were the victors, would they be convinced of the possibility of being conquered. As time went on they were made to pay dearly for their confidence.

While this war feeling was seething through the land, Mr. Gouger's position at court became slightly less pleasant. The chief queen, who had never been one of his cordial friends, showed herself now disposed to become one of his active enemies, and contrived the insult of a false charge and imprisonment, until he should gain his release by a bribe. This was an indication of the change approaching, as were the lowering looks and ill-concealed murmurs of the people whenever he stirred abroad; so he began to shut himself up in his house, sending out his servant, the Red Rat, to sound the dispositions of the public, and hear what was said about him and the other white men in the city.

The Red Rat heard what was so little satisfactory, that Mr. Gouger had nothing for it but to face the storm, and guide himself in the best manner possible through the thorny paths he had to tread. And then Rangoon was bombarded, and the spirit of the nation boiled over. For want of a better pretext, Mr. Gouger was accused of being a spy, and all sorts of evidence was tortured most ingeniously to flavour the accusation with sufficient legal proof. While waiting and expecting every moment to be arrested or murdered, he one night heard a terrific uproar. A vast multitude came down the street, hooting and yelling, and uttering fierce imprecations, while beating against the outside of the house, as if they would stave the framework in. Soon, this kind of attack extended along the whole street, much to the terror of the foreigner, who thought that, of a surety, his foes had lost patience with the law, and were coming to work their own will unmolested. But he found out that this was only their way of exorcising the cholera, which to them was an evil spirit who might be frightened and driven out if they but showed a brave front and were not afraid. We do not hear that their yelling, and drumming, and beating with sticks, and fiery oaths, had the desired effect, or that the cholera, any more than the British soldiers, was to be exorcised by noise and repelled by big words. This night of terror passed; but on the twenty-eighth of May, eighteen hundred and twenty-three, the

crisis came. A body of men entered his house, seized him as their prisoner, and marched him off to the court of justice, there to be examined concerning his treachery and disloyalty. He knew now that there was no escape; the rest was only a question of time and temper. After a little cat-and-mouse play—always under the colour of strict legality—and after the prisoner had put himself and his guard in the wrong by bribing them to let him have a midnight visit to his own home—which midnight visit was of course discovered, according to the laws of evil fate, the magistrate choosing that very night whereon to examine him—the mask was flung away. A gang of boisterous ruffians rushed into the prison where he sat with his feet in the stocks, and began fighting with the soldiers for everything that belonged to him. When he tried to protect himself, and to save his few personals, they told him, with a sneer, that he need not give himself the trouble; he was going to the Death Prison, and would not long need any of them. They even tried to strip him of his clothes; but he managed to retain his shirt and trousers; and thus, half naked, his arms tied behind his back with a piece of cord, barefooted and bareheaded, he was led to the criminal hall of justice to hear his sentence. He was not suffered to ascend the steps of the courthouse, but was made to squat down in front, while his name and crime were entered in the prison list; and then the sad procession moved forward to the gate of the Let-ma-yoon, or Death Prison, nearly opposite. Well might his flesh creep and his heart quail for fear at his entrance into this Let-ma-yoon, "Hand! shrink not," as it was only too justly called. The very name, in its terrible suggestiveness, caused the most frantic terror in all who were condemned to its bloodstained walls; and not the most cowardly Burmah of them all but would have preferred death to imprisonment in the Let-ma-yoon. And the name was even less appalling than the thing. Of this jail the guards were themselves the worst malefactors, whose lives had been spared on consideration of their undertaking the office of common torturers and executioners. They were not allowed to enter into any house, and each bore the name of his crime, that qualification of his office, tattooed across his breast, so that escape for any of them was out of the question: the ringed cheek and scarred breast would have secured their recapture anywhere throughout the empire. Degraded as they were, their only chance of sanity and self-forgetfulness lay in brutalising themselves to the utmost extent possible, and they learnt their fatal lesson to the last letter. The chief of the gang was a lean, wiry, hard-featured man, across whose breast was written, in unusually large characters, "loo-that," murderer. This hoary villain the prisoners and subordinates invariably addressed as "Father." Even the Europeans taught themselves to do the same, though with many a struggle and many a bitter protest of flesh and blood against the desecration.

Another of the Ring-cheeked was branded

with the name of thief, written full across his breast; another, bearing an appropriate motto, had murdered his brother, and hidden his body piecemeal under his house; a third was a horse-stealer; while a fourth was simply a youth convicted of some petty offence, whom the Father, in want of an assistant, had seized and marked with the fatal ring in spite of his agony and shame. But his virtue was soon corrupted into harmony with the atmosphere of the place, and he became as fiendish as the rest before the tears on his cheeks were well dried. When the English prisoner was marched in, the Father received him with his customary imprecations, and led him to a huge block of granite in the centre of the yard. Here, three pairs of fetters were struck on to his ankles, coupling his feet so closely that he could scarcely advance a foot's space at a step. He was then told to walk to his den, which after much trouble and shuffling he managed to do.

A room about forty feet by thirty, and five or six feet high, formed of planks of teak-wood, with a few chinks left here and there as the only ventilation considered necessary, no window, no aperture of any kind, save a chance hole in the roof of about a foot square, and a closely-woven bamboo wicket used as a door, and always kept closed—a room which had never been cleaned out since first built, which swarmed with vermin and reeked with foul miasma—a room where forty or fifty hapless wretches lay nearly naked on the floor, almost all in chains, and some with their feet in the stocks besides, all with the work of famine on their gaunt frames and haggard faces, all silent, squalid, broken. This was henceforth Mr. Gouger's home. A gigantic row of stocks, capable of holding a dozen pairs of feet at once, looking like a huge alligator as it opened and shut its jaws with a loud snap upon its prey; several smaller pairs, each holding its couple of wretched victims; a long bamboo suspended from the roof by a rope at each end, and worked by blocks or pulleys, and a large earthen cup filled with earth-oil for the night watches, completed the furniture of the room.

Beside these machines, there was nothing but the thirty or forty prisoners, the countless vermin, the ring-cheeked guards, the hot and stifling air, the thick layers of dirt and garbage, and the terrible fear which fell upon them all like a presence and a power. Soon all the Europeans in Burmah were collected in that prison. Three Englishmen, including our old friend Rodgers, whose long years of court experience had not been able to save him, the American missionaries, Dr. Judson and Dr. Price, and afterwards Lanciego, the Spaniard, for all that he had been made collector of customs, and that his wife was sister of the second queen. He was Christian and European, and that was quite enough for the government. Mr. Gouger's friends, servants, and agents, the Red Rat and the Red Gold, were not long after included among the number, and then the party was complete. They were not allowed to speak

to each other save in the Burmese language, and the Father placed them under the especial care of a young savage with a club, who had orders to brain them if they opened their lips save in such accents as he could understand. When night came on the worst trials began. The Father entered to count up his children, and arrange them safely for the night. The meaning of the long bamboo, with its ropes and pulleys, was now evident. "It was passed between the legs of each individual, and when it had threaded our number, seven in all, a man at each end hoisted it up by the blocks to a height which allowed our shoulders to rest on the ground, while our feet depended from the iron rings of the fetters."

The adjustment of the height was left to the Father, who calculated to a nicety the line between pain and danger, and left off just when the latter began. Having determined, to an inch, the exact point to which he might safely go, he counted his captives by giving each a smart rap on the head, then delivered up his staff and his charge to the young savage, with a significant hint of what he might expect if one was missing when the wicket was opened next morning. He then, with ghastly facetiousness, wished them a good night's rest; the young savage lighted his pipe, and did the same by all who wished it; trimmed the lamp, and sat down beside it; and soon the whole prison was plunged in death-like stillness, save when it was broken by cries and groans of pain. The next morning the Father, finding his tally correct, let down the bamboo, and at eight o'clock drove his wretched flock, in gangs of ten or twelve, for five minutes' breathing-time in the open air; then, such of the prisoners as had friends who would not let them starve, received their breakfasts from the hands of the Ring-cheeked, and such as had none waited for the chance charity of the rest, who gave them what they could spare.

Sundry interrogations, more or less calculated to terrify and bewilder, sundry witnessings of torture, and threats held out of the like to be done to himself if still contumacious and unyielding, the destruction of all his property, and the confiscation of his gains, formed the next stages in Mr. Gouger's calendar of suffering. But, as there was nothing to tell, there was nothing to be elicited, and the poor young Englishman was sent almost mad by this incessant terror and suspense. Every day at three o'clock a silence, as of death, fell over the prisoners. This was the hour when those of them who had been condemned to death were taken out to be executed. No one knew whose turn it might be, whether his own or another's; and the shudder which ran through that living mass when the gong struck the fatal hour, and one of the Ring-cheeked entered by the wicket, striding silently to his prey, now for the first time conscious of his fate, was perhaps the most horrible torture of all. The authorities had not studied human nature in vain. They understood all the soft places, and what wounds would eat deepest

into the soul. To have the limbs dislocated, to be "thrawed" with ropes, and beaten till the whole body was one mass of broken bones and bleeding flesh, to be struck down at night and assassinated within the very hearing of the rest, to be chained foot to foot with a leper, and thrust into the closest companionship with wretches suffering from small-pox, were among Mr. Gouger's experiences of Burmese justice as shown to himself or to others; but beyond the necessary agonies of their position—the chains, the bamboo-threading, the sickening dirt and want of fresh air, the contamination of body and soul from the hideous companionship into which they were thrust—neither the British merchant nor his compatriots and co-religionists were specially tortured or reserved for any of the more brutal punishments. In fact, they were somewhat protected by the old governor, whose heart had been touched by the loving zeal of Mrs. Judson, happily not imprisoned, and who had so much of our common human nature in him as to allow himself to be moved by the unflagging energy and tender devotion of the desolate Christian wife. Owing to this secret protection they were sometimes allowed to be removed to a separate and better prison, but only to be brought back again, after a few days' grace, and again consigned to the old den of filth and iniquity; and sometimes they were put into small, clean, separate cells, which were elysium compared to the horrors of the inner room. Here, in these cells, too, Mr. Gouger was attended by the pretty daughter of one of the Ring-cheeked, and the woman's wit and tenderness contrived many little ameliorations during the time this better manner of confinement lasted. She brought him water to cleanse himself with, and sold the rats which he hunted successfully enough; and she did all her woman's best to cheer him, for she took a liking for him, and was his Picciola in that terrible place. It was while enjoying the quiet and cleanliness of these cells that Gouger witnessed through the chinks one of the foul assassinations common to the place, when he saw a youth, whose feet were in the stocks while his head was lying on the floor, literally stamped and pounded to death by one of the guards.

Mr. Gouger now ran a great chance of death by starvation. His servants all forsook him, save his Mohammedan batur, who still continued to supply him according to his best power. But for him, the poor fellow, would have starved. As it was, his sufferings brought him into a serious illness, from which he recovered as by a miracle, though it left him with a brain a little shaken and confused, and with scarcely a man's command over his nerves.

All this while the war between the two countries was steadily progressing—the English arms victorious—which did not tend to make the authorities more lenient towards those of the foeman's blood whom they held in irons in the Let-ma-yoon. Their severities were increased. From three their irons were raised to five pairs each; they were taken from their

separate cells and thrust back into all the horrors of the inner prison; and every night they heard a voice cry hoarsely, "Are the white men safe? Keep them tight." And tighter and tighter they were in fact kept, as the British cannon boomed more fiercely across the water of the Irrawuddi, and the British bayonet gleamed nearer to the palace. The angry pride of the Burmese could ill bear their disasters, and it was perhaps the most wonderful thing of all that they did not kill the white prisoners outright, in revenge for their disasters brought on them by men of their blood and faith.

One morning, on the second of May, nearly a year since they were first imprisoned, the white men, now eight in number, once more found themselves grouped about the well-known granite block. The spotted men stood round them; and one by one their fetters were knocked off. They were then tied in couples by the waist, one at each end of the rope, and a Pah-quet or Ringed-cheek with a spear, holding the rein, drove them off through the town. They were quite uncertain of their fate, and made sure that they were being driven to death; and, indeed, to terrify them, their drivers goaded them a few hundred yards towards the place of execution, then suddenly turned off upon the road leading to Amerapoorah. The agonies of that journey were almost unspeakable. The fiery tropical sun flashed down on their undefended heads, and their naked feet were soon one mass of bleeding wounds, for it was like walking over red-hot iron to walk over that arid plain of burning sand and gravel, made worse to feet so long benumbed by irons and want of exercise. One of the party, a Greek—the leper to whom Gouger had been coupled in the Let-ma-yoon—soon fell down powerless; and though the Pah-quets beat and goaded him with their spears, they could not make him move. "It was of no use to beat and goad a dying man;" and the last that Mr. Gouger saw of him was his dying hands held up in vain beseeching—the Ringed-cheeks standing over him, striking him with their spears, while they dragged him over the sands. Dr. Judson was the next to suffer; but he was saved from the fate of the poor leper by a fortunate accident. One of Gouger's old servants, hearing of the transit, came running to see his master once more, and seeing the missionary's anguish, tore his turban into bandages and bound up his feet. But for this timely aid, there would have been a second murder on that terrible day of agony. When they got to Amerapoorah, the Ringed-men left them, giving them into the care of other jailers, who, though hard enough, were not so wholly brutalised and demoniacal as the last. The rest of the journey was made in a cart, and at three o'clock the next day they reached their new prison—a strange dilapidated old place, at a country village called Oung-ben-lai.

At first they thought they were to be burnt alive, because of the stacks of fagots heaped up within the wooden walls; but this was a false alarm, and soon they found their lives

more bearable here than in the hell they had left behind at Ava. They had many petty annoyances to undergo, much cruel and causeless terror to master in the best way they could, much brutality to suffer, many venomous snakes to kill, and the pangs of hunger and the failing of hope to bear; but they had escaped the spotted men, the Father with his oaths and the savage with his club, and they could bear what evils they had with greater equanimity because of this relief.

Before long a strange visitant was brought to them. In the dead of night a heavy cart was heard rumbling and creaking towards their solitary prison. It stopped before the doors; they heard the loud roaring of a wild beast, and then several men brought in a huge cage, where a magnificent lioness was confined, and set it down in the midst of them. The old jailer was as much surprised as any of them, and he had had no warning of this new prisoner, and knew no more than themselves what it meant. They all thought, of course, that it was intended to fling them one by one to the beast; and so they passed the night in a state of misery and fear not to be described. But day followed day, and no such orders came from head-quarters. The poor lioness moaned and roared with the pains of hunger, but no food had been assigned to her, and the old jailer did not dare to go beyond his orders: and day by day her moaning and her roaring grew weaker and weaker, until at last she sank and died—starved to death in the sight of them all. They never felt certain that this ending had been intended, but rather looked on it as a failure of the plan which their great enemy, Pacahm-woon had devised. They then heard that they were to be sacrificed as omens of good luck, to be buried alive in the sight of the army which the generalissimo had raised, and which was to put an end to the war by exterminating the British; but this plan, too, never came to an issue, and in the mean time the Pacahm-woon died. And then they felt comparatively safe.

The British army always advancing and always successful, helped to clear the air for our poor captives. The Burmans were made to feel themselves defeated; indemnification to the amount of one million sterling was demanded, the release of the white prisoners was also demanded, and, after various delays and negotiations, on the sixteenth of February, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, Gouger and two others were liberated, and set out on their way to join the British forces. A few dangers, a few delays, and the sickness of hope deferred sometimes fluttering round the heart, and then, maimed, bruised, weakened, unmanned, our poor countryman sank down on the deck of the Diana, once more free, but a ruined man for years to come. His sufferings had been too much for him, and it was long before his mind recovered its tone, or his body its health. Kindness and civilisation healed him at last, and now, as an old man, he tells us this strange history of Eastern barbarity thirty-five years ago, in lan-

guage so fresh and forcible that the thirty-five years seem but yesterday. And now we all wait for the time when the power of the West shall put an end to these barbarities of the East; when freedom and civilisation shall shine over Asia as well as over Europe, over India as well as over England, and all the nations under our influence be brought into harmony with our milder laws, and into acceptance of our better faith.

MY HOLIDAY.

THE town is blackening on the sky,
Its muffled thunder rolls away,
To weary heart and languid eye
There beams a holier light of day.
O sorrow-lined and throbbing brow,
Long pressed against the bars of toil,
What ecstasy awaits thee now
On yonder sunny stainless soil!

The opening landscape stretches wide,
An endless swell of hill and plain,
With, through the golden haze descried,
A distant glimmer of the main.
The woodland minstrels carol clear
From out each green sequestered nook,
And 'neath their leafy haunts I hear
The laughing answer of the brook.

And losing here all sense of wrong,
I feel no more the clutch of care,
And dream a world of light and song
Where all are happy, all is fair.
But o'er me steals the envious eve,
And spreads a veil of sober grey,
When, as I take reluctant leave,
A glory dies along the way.

The fading landscape fills with change,
The flowers grow sadly pale and droop,
And writhing trees with shadows strange,
Across my darkening pathway stoop.
Long branches thrust from bank and crag
Seem, in the dim and dubious light,
Bare withered arms of some lone hag,
Whose incantations thrill the night.

Again the engine thunders on—
My car of triumph hours before—
The vision and the bliss are gone,
Yet Memory hoards her golden store.
And there, perchance, may burst a gleam
In after hours of weary noise,
That may recal this passing dream
Of happy sights and holy joys.

FIRE IN A COAL-MINE.

In a recent number of this journal a workman described the terrors of water when bursting its bounds in a mine.* Fire is a no less appalling enemy, and, in the course of a lengthened career as Inspector of Mines, it once occurred to me to be in a pit when it was ignited. However long I may live, it is not likely that the recollection of its horrors will be dimmed by the lapse of time.

The pit in question—a large one—was very dangerous in consequence of the quantity of gas which the coal contained. I had spent one day

* Peril Underground, No. 103, page 61.

in it, and had seen reason to be extremely dissatisfied with the manner in which it was managed. Not only was the lifting power at the shaft feeble and insufficient, and of a nature to render the occurrence of an accident highly probable, but the mode of ventilation was of a most unscientific character. I was so impressed with the conviction that a dreadful accident would one day occur, if preventive measures were not adopted, that I had decided on making a special report on the subject to the owner of the mine as soon as I had finished my inspection, which I determined, therefore, should be more than usually minute. On the second morning I went down, I insisted on the manager accompanying me, for I had seen instances of neglect in taking ordinary precautions on the preceding day which would, in my opinion, have made him criminally responsible had an accident happened, and these I proposed to point out to him with the view of an immediate remedy being applied. Having called his attention to these, we proceeded to the point where I had ended my inspection on the preceding day, and resumed it.

We must have been in the mine about four hours, and were examining a part of the workings from which a large quantity of coal had been dug, when we heard a loud dull sound, so prolonged by the manner in which it was echoed from point to point, that neither the manager nor either of the overlookers who accompanied us could say in what part of the mine an explosion had taken place, though that an explosion had occurred somewhere they all knew very well. An immediate move was made in the direction of the mouth of the pit, the overlookers going a few yards in advance. All at once we noticed that our lights were getting dim, and we were conscious of a difficulty in breathing; still we pushed along as fast as it was safe to go, hoping that the gas was merely a small quantity which had been driven here through some of the side openings by the force of the explosion, and that we should find the way beyond it free. Our hopes in this respect were disappointed, for just as we reached an angle of the works the overlookers met us, and directed us to go back as fast as we could, for there was no possibility of getting to the shaft that way, they having been nearly suffocated before they could get back to us. We retraced our steps rapidly to the place we had just quitted, and which was still free from after-damp. Here a brief consultation was held, the result of which was that an attempt should be made to reach the shaft by a more circuitous route in another direction.

The difficulties we encountered in our way were frightful. In some places the passage was so low that we had to drag ourselves through almost on our bellies; and probably there was not another man employed in the pit besides the overlooker who led the way, who knew that the shaft could be reached from this point. Every now and then we passed through places where our lamps gave us ample evidence of the presence of inflammable gas. Still we kept on, and

seemed to have got so far that I hoped we had almost reached a place of safety. Presently I fancied I could hear a rushing roaring sound not quite unknown to me, and it struck me that the pit was on fire. I suggested as much, but nobody made any reply, and I concluded either that I was mistaken, or that there might be a chance of avoiding the fire. I was not long in doubt, for the air grew warmer and warmer every instant; yet it was not until we could see the flames raging at some distance before us that the man upon whose knowledge we depended told us that escape by that way was cut off. The horror of our situation could not well be surpassed. Of the two ways of leaving the mine, one was impassable from the amount of carbonic acid generated by the explosion, and the other from the presence of a mass of fire. Our destruction appeared inevitable, and for a time none of us could speak.

Those who are accustomed to see coal only when burning furiously in a grate, and who have never thought of the reasons why combustion under this condition should be so rapid, may suppose that the fury of the flame must be infinitely greater in a mine; but this is not so. At a distance the sight was terrific; but when, at my request, we approached more closely, with the view of rendering it quite certain that the fire had reached a point which made escape hopeless, we found it dull and sluggish, in consequence of the small quantity of air present to support the flame. Although this rendered it possible that many hours, or even days, might elapse before the fire reached us, it did not alter the fact that we were enclosed between flame and suffocation. We looked earnestly at each other as if for mutual comfort and support, but every man's face bore an expression of blank despair. After a time, nobody proposing anything, I asked if it would not be better to return to the larger and more open space we had left? This being thought the best thing—indeed the only thing—we could do, we turned round and began the same wearisome journey over again. We had been joined at different points by several men and two boys, who had been forced to retreat from the fire, so that we now numbered eleven or twelve in all. Our advance had been slow; our return was much slower; for we had not now the stimulant of hope. I was almost worn out with fatigue and excitement when we reached the spot where we had heard the explosion; but, as it was advisable that some attempt should be made to ascertain what advance, if any, had been made by the after-damp, I requested the overlookers to satisfy themselves on this point, that we might know whether death was likely to be immediate. They reported that they were able to proceed within a few feet of our first advance. Though there was little hope of our ultimate escape, I thought it best to take every precaution not to allow our situation being made worse by any neglect of our own. I therefore made inquiries of the men if they had any matches in

their pockets, explaining to them that I wished to know, not for the purpose of stating it in a report, which there was little likelihood of my living to make, but to ascertain if we possessed the means of relighting our lamp in the event of its going out. As I expected, every man had got some, though there is a rule that matches shall never be carried into a mine. With the view of economising the oil, I directed all the lamps to be extinguished but one, and this I caused to be placed close to the passage by which the carbonic acid must make its entry into our place of refuge, so that we might not be taken quite unawares. It was also agreed that we should take it in turns to explore the workings as far as we could go, at certain intervals, so that no changes should take place favourable to our escape without our being aware of it.

Nothing else could be done, except to wait the result with all the firmness we could exercise. I made myself as comfortable and secure a seat as I could, with the blocks of coal lying about: heaping them up like a throne, so as to raise myself as far above the ground as possible. As nothing was said about food, I concluded that each of us had a little, and wished to keep what he had for himself. For my part, I had a box of sandwiches, and a flask of weak brandy-and-water, without which I never descended into a mine: not from any fear of accidents, but because I found such refreshments necessary, when my stay lasted several hours. I ate only a very small piece of sandwich, and drank about a spoonful of the brandy-and-water that evening, and then slept for several hours. When I awoke I ceased to have any idea whether it was day or night. Hour after hour passed in what was only in the slightest degree removed from total darkness; and scarcely a word was spoken by anybody, except when the two men, whose turn it was, returned from exploring the workings; when somebody was certain to ask respecting the advance of the poisonous gas. At first we all felt great interest in these reports, and when it came to my turn to make the expedition, both myself and the miner pushed on as far as possible. It was our practice to mark the extreme point reached, and the next two who went to examine, made it a point to reach this mark if possible. Sometimes this was attained two or three times in succession, at other times it was never seen again, but surrounding objects were generally sufficient to tell the distance within which we approached it. After a while most of us began to manifest indifference, arising, I imagine, from the weakness consequent on want of food, and the lethargy consequent on breathing an atmosphere largely vitiated by carbonic acid. I believe that the chief reason of my retaining a greater amount of vitality than the rest, arose from my constantly keeping myself as high above the floor of the pit as it was possible to reach.

I do not know how long we had been in the pit when I heard one of the men say, "Tom, Charley's dead!" Charley was one of the boys,

and was the first who perished. The manager was the next who passed away from among us. Then, very soon after, one of the miners, who had been to explore the workings, returned alone, and reported that his companion had walked away into the gas before he was aware of his intention, and had disappeared. He called after him several times, but could get no answer. He must have been suffocated almost immediately. Then there came a time when a man, whose turn it was to make the exploration, would call on his companion, and receiving no answer, would find, on holding the lamp close to his face, that he was dead.

The overlooker who accompanied me on each inspection was in appearance a middle-aged man, though in reality but thirty-three years of age; but this aged appearance is common enough among the workers in coal-mines who have gone into the pit when very young. I had conceived a great liking for him. Within a few hours of our imprisonment he had told me of the young wife and the two little children he had left behind him the last time he left home; and when he found that I sympathised with him, which I should have done if he had expressed his feelings in less affecting terms than he did, he often recurred to the subject. When our turn came to make the inspection, he had been for some time silent. I called him, but he did not answer or move. He was sitting just below me, and I stooped and shook his head, and then I fetched the lamp and held it to his face. The eyes were only half shut: his face had the expression of sound sleep. There was nothing indicative of the slightest spasm having occurred at the instant when the change had taken place.

While I was still looking at his face, the blood was sent rushing back to my heart by an extraordinary cry, very piercing, and wholly unlike anything I had ever heard before. The miners lying about seemed galvanised by it, and came pressing round the light I held in my hand. I had thus an opportunity of seeing their faces, and so emaciated were they, and so strongly did their eyes and features express the extremity of terror, that—the cries continuing without cessation—I could scarcely hold the lamp. To one poor fellow the fright, in his weakened state, was fatal; he fell forward, striking his face against the blocks of coal on which I had been sitting, and never moved afterwards. One of the miners at last suggested that it might be the pony, and I then remembered that I had, as we were returning from the burning coal, noticed some straw and hay littered about, but I was too much excited by the dangers of our situation to pay any attention to it. We all felt relieved by the suggestion for the moment, but the reflection which followed was hardly less alarming, for, if it were well founded, they all agreed that the fire must be very close upon us. Indeed, now that our attention was called to it, we all perceived the presence of smoke, though in very small quantity. We went forward. Passing round a curve at a little distance from our

sanctuary, we arrived at the narrowest of the openings through which we had found so much difficulty in making our way on the first day of our imprisonment. It was about four feet high, rather less than that in width, and from fifteen to twenty feet long. Looking through this tunnel, I could see the poor animal's head and shoulders thrust into the other end of it. There the fire evidently had reached. To delay the progress of the fire as much as possible, it was decided to block up this opening as far as was in our power, and this we succeeded in doing with the rubbish which had fallen from the roof.

We were so much exhausted by the labour, in our weak condition, that we could scarcely crawl back to the place whence we had started. It will be remembered that I was just about to ascertain the point reached by the gas, when we had been alarmed by the cries we had heard, but, though I had not forgotten this, I was unable to move any further just then. As soon, however, as I felt myself capable of performing my task, I took the light, and rousing the miner whose turn it was to accompany me in place of the poor fellow who had finished his work in this world, we moved slowly along the path I had traversed so many times. We had not gone far, before we began to feel as if we were being suffocated, and we were forced to hurry back with all our might. The advance made by the gas had been so rapid since our last visit, that I felt that if something were not done to check it, our death was certain within the next two or three hours. I told the miners of the state of things. They all rose, and we almost instinctively arranged the blocks of coal in the form of a wall in the narrowest part of the workings, and filled up the space between, with dust and rubbish. When we had finished we returned to our den, and, after I had trimmed the lamp and filled it with oil, I knelt down in the place I had been occupying, and sought in prayer for resignation to death. I believe the others did the same. Every now and then, I fell asleep, or, at all events, became unconscious. Then I woke up a little, and tried to prepare myself for the change that was coming. Soon, these intervals of consciousness must have left me altogether, and I must have become totally insensible.

At the first return of sensation, I felt myself going up and up, always upward, seemingly through space. The light which surrounded me was dazzling, as though I was approaching the sun. I have no idea how long this seemed to last; but, when I became sufficiently conscious to note things as they were, I found myself being carried slowly and carefully along on a mattress by four miners. I could not keep my eyes open for more than an instant, on account of the light; but I was able to comprehend that I was once more on the surface of the earth.

By careful nursing I was gradually restored to health. It will not require many words to explain how I came to be rescued from the pit.

At the earliest moment after the explosion,

parties of miners descended into the pit. In one place they found it to be on fire, but it was at a point so very distant from the shaft, that they blocked up the passage behind it and left it, to continue their search in other directions. They, of course, knew that I, and the manager, and others, were in the pit somewhere; and as they had not found our bodies, they concluded we must be in a part of the pit which was as yet unapproachable. Workmen were employed night and day, in restoring the apparatus for ventilating the mine; but so great had been the force of the explosion and the amount of damage done, that it was not until the fifth day after the accident that we were found, and then there remained alive, only myself and two others.

MARINE METEOROLOGY.

METEOR is derived from a Greek word, signifying lofty, sublime, overhead; meteorology is, therefore, the study of things aloft. The meteorology of the ocean embraces the conditions which not only are essential to safe navigation, but which render navigation possible at all for sailing vessels. Steamers, indeed, and galleys with oars, might make their way across a breezeless sea; but cutters and schooners would remain motionless hulks on waters over which no winds blew. Again, the most ignorant landsman will comprehend the difference between a wind dead ahead, blowing straight in your teeth—a side wind, from the right or left—and a fair wind, blowing exactly in the direction whither you want to go. Their continuance in, or their shiftiness from, those quarters at various seasons of the year; their force, whether so gentle as scarcely to fill the sails, or so violent as to tear a vessel into shreds and splinters, are of vital importance. All these questions, and many others, are so ably discussed by Captain Maury, as to make his book an indispensable addition to every library in every maritime country throughout the world. Even inland countries, like Switzerland, will find it full of valuable teachings that are applicable to their own special circumstances.

What is the cause of the winds? Aqueous vapour, or steam, assists in at least five (perhaps six) ways to put air in motion and produce winds. First, by evaporation the air is cooled; by cooling, its specific gravity is changed; and, consequently, here is one cause of movement in the air, as is manifest in the tendency of the cooled air to flow off, and of warmer and lighter to take its place. Secondly, excepting hydrogen and ammonia, there is no gas so light as aqueous vapour, its weight being to common air in the proportion of nearly five to eight. Consequently, as soon as it is formed, it commences to rise; and, as each vesicle of vapour may be likened, in the movements which it produces in the air, to a balloon as it rises, it will be readily perceived how these vaporious particles, as they ascend, become entangled with those of the air, and so carrying them along, upward currents are produced. Thus the wind is called on to

rush in below, that the supply for the upward movement may be kept up. Thirdly, the vapour, being lighter than air, presses it out, and takes its place, causing the barometer to fall. Thus again an in-rush, or wind, is called for below. Fourthly, arrived in the cloud region, this vapour, being condensed, liberates the latent heat which is borrowed from the air and water below; which heat, being now set free and made sensible, raises the temperature of the surrounding air, causing it to expand and ascend still higher; and so the winds are again called for. Ever ready, they come; and thus we have a fourth way. Fifthly, innumerable rain-drops now begin to fall; and, in their descent, as in a heavy shower, they press out and displace the air below with great force. To this cause are ascribed the gusts of wind which are often found to blow outward from the centre of sudden and violent thunder-showers. Sixthly, electricity (especially in thunder-storms) may assist in creating movements in the atmosphere, and so make claim to be regarded as a wind-producing agent. But the winds are supposed to depend *mainly* on the power of the second, third, and fourth agencies for their violence.

Great prominence in the brewing of storms is to be given to the latent heat which is set free in the air when vapour is condensed into rain. It follows that, in sailor's phrase, the Gulf Stream is the great weather-breeder of the North Atlantic Ocean. Its waters are warm; they give off vapour rapidly; an observer in the moon would doubtless be able, on a winter's day especially, to trace out by the mist in the air the path of the Gulf Stream through the sea. The most furious gales of wind sweep along with it; and the fogs of Newfoundland, which so much endanger navigation in spring and summer, owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of the immense volumes of hot water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the temperature of the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was eighty degrees. The excess of heat daily brought into such a region by the waters of the Gulf Stream would, if suddenly stricken from them, be sufficient to make the column of superincumbent atmosphere hotter than melted iron.

With such an element of atmospheric disturbance in its bosom, we might expect storms of the most violent kind to accompany it in its course. Accordingly, the most terrific that rage on the ocean have been known to spend their fury within or near its borders. Of all storms, the hurricanes of the West Indies and the typhoons of the China seas cause the most ships to founder. The stoutest men of war go down before them; seldom is any one of the crew left to tell the tale. Nautical works record a West India hurricane so violent that it forced the Gulf Stream back to its sources, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of thirty feet. The *Ledbury Snow* attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree-tops of Elliott's

Key. The great hurricane of 1780 commenced in Barbadoes. In it, the bark was blown from the trees, and the fruits of the earth destroyed. The very bottom and depths of the sea were uprooted; and the waves rose to such a height, that forts and castles were washed away, and their great guns carried about in the air like chaff. Houses were razed, ships wrecked, and the bodies of men and boats lifted up in the air and dashed to pieces in the storm. At the different islands, not less than twenty thousand persons lost their lives on shore; while further to the north, the Stirling Castle and the Dover Castle, British men-of-war, went down at sea, and fifty sail were driven on shore at the Bermudas.

Sailors dread the storms of the Gulf Stream more than they do those of any other part of the ocean. It is not their fury alone, but the ugly sea they raise, which is the object of especial terror. The current of the stream running in one direction, and the wind blowing in another, create a sea that is often frightful. Several years ago the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic, which so often rage with disastrous effects to navigation. The conclusion was, that they are occasioned by the inequality of the temperatures of the Gulf Stream and the neighbouring regions, both in the air and the water. These commotions are far more frequent and violent in winter, when the contrasts between the warm and cool places are greatest, than they are in summer, when those contrasts are least. But the Gulf Stream carries the temperature of summer, even in the dead of winter, as far north as the Great Banks of Newfoundland, and there maintains it in the midst of the severest frosts. It is the juxtaposition of this warm water with a cold atmosphere which gives rise to the "silver fogs" of Newfoundland—one of the most beautiful phenomena to be seen anywhere among the treasures of the frost-king.

The southern extremities of Africa and South America have won for themselves, among seamen, the name of "the stormy capes;" but the log-books at the Washington Observatory have shown that there is not a storm-land in the wide ocean which can out-top the Atlantic coasts of North America. The China seas and the North Pacific may, perhaps, vie with this part of the Atlantic, but neither Cape Horn nor the Cape of Good Hope can equal them in frequency or in fury. Why should this be the case? Probably for the following reasons: In the regions of the globe lying to the south of the Tropic of Capricorn we lack those contrasts which the mountains, the deserts, the plains, the continents, and the seas of the north afford for the production of atmospheric disturbances. Neither have we in the southern seas such contrasts of hot and cold currents. In the southern hemisphere, the currents are broad and sluggish; in the northern, narrow, sharp, and strong. In the north, too, we have other climatic contrasts for which we may search southern seas in vain. Hence, without further investigation, we may infer southern seas to be less boisterous than northern.

It is probable that the southern hemisphere hides within its bosom still more startling facts than this. The meteorological evidence which Captain Maury has collected shows that the idea of land in the Antarctic regions—of much land, and high land—is at least plausible. Southern explorers, as far as they have penetrated, tell us of high lands and mountains of ice; and Ross, who went the furthest of all, saw volcanoes burning in the distance. Now, the unexplored area around the south pole is about twice as large as Europe. This untravelled region is circular in shape, with a circumference of not less than seven thousand miles. Its edges have been touched upon here and there, and land, whenever seen, has been high and rugged. The unexplored area is quite equal to that of our entire frigid zone. Navigators scarcely ever venture, except when passing Cape Horn, to go to the polar side of fifty-five degrees of south latitude. The fear of icebergs deters them. These may be seen there drifting up towards the equator in large numbers and huge masses all the year round. Many of them are miles in extent and hundreds of feet thick. The nursery for the bergs must be an immense one; such a nursery cannot be on the sea, for icebergs require to be fastened firmly to the shore until they attain full size. They therefore, in their mute way, are loud with evidence in favour of Antarctic shore lines of great extent, of deep bays where they may be formed, and of lofty cliffs whence they may be launched.

Another circumstance favours the hypothesis of much land about the south pole. It seems to be a physical necessity that land should not be antipodal to land. Except a small portion of South America and Asia, land is always opposite to water; only one twenty-seventh part of the land is antipodal to land. Now the belief is, that on the polar side of seventy degrees north we have mostly water, not land. Finally, geographers are agreed that, irrespective of the above-mentioned facts, the probabilities are in favour of an Antarctic continent rather than of an Antarctic ocean. "There is now no doubt," says Dr. Jilek, in his *Lehrbuch der Oceanographie*, "that around the south pole there is extended a great continent, mainly within the polar circle. Outwardly, these lands exhibit a naked, rocky, partly volcanic desert, with high rocks destitute of vegetation, always covered with ice and snow." But what is the meteorological condition of the interior?

The winds were the first to whisper of an unexpected state of things, and to intimate the existence of a mild climate—mild by comparison, and very unlike the Arctic for severity—within the Antarctic circle. The low barometer; the high degree of aërial rarefaction, and the strong winds from the north prevailing there, tell a tale full of meaning. The polar winds (those blowing towards the pole) are much stronger, and extend over many more degrees of latitude, in the southern than in the northern hemisphere. But why should these polar-bound winds of the

two hemispheres differ so much in strength and prevalence, unless there be a much more abundant supply of heat, and, consequently, a higher degree of rarefaction, at one pole than at the other? Captains Wilkes and Ross, during their expeditions to the South Seas, had both occasion to remark the apparent deficiency of atmosphere over the extra-tropical regions of the southern hemisphere; and the low barometer off Cape Horn had attracted the attention of navigators at an early day. Whence this unequal distribution of the atmosphere between the two hemispheres? and why should the mean height of the barometer be so much less in southern circumpolar regions, than in northern? No one will attempt to account for the difference by reason of any displacement of the geometrical centre of the earth with regard to its centre of attraction, in consequence of the great continental masses of the northern hemisphere.

The whole of the phenomena are doubtless due to the excess, in Antarctic regions, of aqueous vapour and its latent heat. The Arctic circle lies chiefly on the land; the Antarctic on the water. As the winds enter the latter, they are loaded with vapour; but on their way to the other, they are desiccated. Northern mountains and hills wring from them water for the great rivers of Siberia and Arctic America. These winds, then, sweep comparatively dry air across the Arctic circle; and when they arrive at the calm disc—the place of ascent there—the vapour which is condensed in the act of ascending does not liberate heat enough to produce a rarefaction sufficient to call forth a decided indraught from a greater distance in the surrounding regions than forty degrees, or two thousand four hundred miles; and the rarefaction being not so great, the barometer is not so low there as in Antarctic regions.

Within the Antarctic circle, on the contrary, the winds bring air which has come over the water for the distance of hundreds of leagues all round; consequently a large portion of atmospheric air is driven away from the southern regions by the force of vapour, which fills the atmosphere there. Now there must be an immense calm central disc where these polar winds cease to go forward, rise up, and commence flowing back as an upper current. If the topographical features of this calm region be such as to produce rapid condensation and heavy precipitation, then we shall have, in the latent heat liberated from all this vapour, an agent sufficient not only to produce a low barometer and a powerful indraught, but quite adequate also to the mitigation of climate there. Black's law should ever be borne in mind by those who are considering the connexion of meteorology with climate: "During the conversion of solids into liquids, or of liquids into vapours, heat is absorbed, which is again given out on their recondensation."

But mere altitude, with its consequent refrigeration, does not seem so favourable as mountain peaks and solid surfaces to the condensation and precipitation of vapour in the air. In the trade wind regions out at sea it seldom

rain; but let an island rise never so little above the water, and the precipitation upon it becomes copious. Islands in the South Sea are everlastingly cloud-capped. The western slopes of the Patagonian Andes squeeze an immense fall of rain out of the vapours that are blown upon them. The latent heat of vapour in the air is a powerful modifier of climate. It is the latent heat that is liberated during these rains which gives to Eastern Patagonia its mild climate. The aqueous vapour which the air carries along with it, to the winds, precisely what coals are to the steam-ship at sea—the source of motive power. The condensation of vapour is for one what the consummation of fuel is with the other; only, with the winds, the same heat may be used over and over again, and for many purposes. By simply sending moist air to the top of snow-capped mountains, condensing its moisture, and bringing it down to the surface again, it is made *hot*. Though by going up the air be cooled, it is expanded, and receives as sensible heat the latent heat of its vapour; being brought down to the surface again, and compressed by the whole weight of the barometric column, it is hotter than it was before by the amount of heat received from its vapour. We need hardly wonder at the low range of the barometer or the mildness of the temperature in all rainy latitudes.

To give some idea of the softened climate which *might* arise from this source, let us imagine the air when it strikes the Antarctic continent to be charged with vapour at the temperature of forty degrees. In order to arrive at the polar calms, suppose it to cross a mountain-range whose summits reach the region of perpetual snow. As this air, with its moisture, rises, it expands, cools, and liberates the latent heat of its vapour, which the air receives in the sensible form, sufficiently, say, to raise its temperature twenty degrees. This air, coming from the sea at the temperature of forty degrees, loses vapour, but gains heat. Descending into the valleys beyond, it is again compressed by the weight of the barometric column, and its temperature now, instead of being forty degrees, will be sixty degrees. There may therefore exist, within the Antarctic continent, a climate perfectly compatible with abundant animal and vegetable life. The topographical feature of the Antarctic regions lend themselves to such a climate so brought about.

Labrador and the Falkland Islands are in corresponding latitudes north and south. They are both on the windward side of the Atlantic; they occupy relatively the same position with regard to the wind. Labrador is almost uninhabitable, on account of the severity of its climate; but in the Falkland Islands and their neighbouring shores the cattle find pasturage throughout the winter. The thermometrical difference of climate between these two places, north and south, may be taken as a sort of index to the relative difference between the Arctic and Antarctic climates of our planet. Captain Smyley, an American sealer, planted a self-registering thermometer on the South Shetlands, south latitude sixty-three degrees, and left it for several winters, during

which time it went no lower than five degrees Fahrenheit. Compare this with the twenty-nine degrees felt last January, at St. Petersburg, in north latitude sixty degrees. At Moscow, the mercury froze in the thermometers.

These facts powerfully plead the cause of Antarctic exploration. Within the periphery of that circle is included an area equal in extent to the one-sixth part of the entire land surface of our planet. Most of this immense area is as unknown to the inhabitants of the earth as is the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites. What if it should contain a warm, verdant, habitable oasis, well stocked with animals, birds, and fish! With steam to aid us and science to guide us, it would be a reproach to the world to allow so large a portion of its surface to remain any longer unexplored. America will do her part, if she can; for navies are not all for war, least of all for civil war. And no navy can boast of brighter chaplets than those which have been gathered in the fields of geographical research.

To jump at one bound from pole to pole: an attentive examination of the laws which govern the movements of the waters in their channels of circulation in the ocean, leads irresistibly to the conclusion that always, in summer and winter, there must be, somewhere within the Arctic circle, a large body of open water, which must impress a curious feature upon the physical aspects of these regions. The whales had taught us to suspect the existence of open water in the Arctic basin, and in their mute way told of a passage there, at least sometimes. It is the custom among whalers to have their harpoons marked with date and the name of the ship; and Dr. Scoresby mentions several instances of whales that have been taken near the Behring's Strait side with harpoons in them bearing the stamp of ships that were known to cruise on the Baffin's Bay side of the American continent. And as, in one or two instances, a very short time had elapsed between the date of capture in the Pacific, and the date when the fish must have been struck on the Atlantic side, it was argued, therefore, that there was a north-west passage by which the whales passed from one side to the other, since the stricken animal could not have had the harpoon in him long enough to admit of a passage—even if that were possible, with his heat-hating constitution—around either Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope. We have therefore incontrovertible circumstantial evidence that there is, at times at least, open water communication through the Arctic Sea from one side of the American continent to the other. But this does not prove the existence of an open sea there; it only establishes the existence—occasional if you please—of a channel through which whales had passed. Captain Maury offers other evidence to induce the reader to believe with him in the existence of an open sea in the Arctic Ocean.

There is an *under-current* setting *in*, from the Atlantic through Davis's Straits, to the Arctic Ocean; and there is a *surface-current* setting *out*. Now this under-current comes from the

south, where it is warm, and the temperature of its waters is perhaps not below thirty degrees; at any rate, they are comparatively warm. There must be a place somewhere in the Arctic seas where this under-current ceases to flow north, and begins to flow south as a surface-current. Where the under-current transfers its waters to the surface, there is, it is supposed, a basin in which the waters, as they rise to the surface, are at thirty degrees, or whatever may be the temperature of the under-current, which we know must be above the freezing-point; for the current is of water in a fluid, not in a solid state. An arrangement in nature, by which a basin of considerable area in the frozen ocean could be supplied by water coming in at the bottom and rising up at the top, with a temperature not below thirty degrees, or even 27.2 degrees—the freezing-point of sea water—would go far to mitigate the climate in the regions round about.

And that there is a warmer climate somewhere in the inhospitable sea, the observations of many of the explorers who have visited it indicate. Its existence may be inferred also from the well-known fact that the birds and animals are found at certain seasons migrating to the north, evidently in search of milder climates. The instincts of these dumb creatures are unerring; and we can imagine no mitigation of the climate in that direction, unless it arise from the proximity, or the presence there, of a large body of open water. It is another furnace, in the beautiful economy of Nature, for tempering climates there.

The hydrographic basin of the Arctic Ocean there is large, and it delivers into that sea annually a very copious drainage. Such an immense volume of fresh water discharged into so small a sea as the Arctic Ocean is, must go far towards diluting its brine; and thus, water that is cool and light—because not so salt—may be made to cover and protect, as with a mantle, a sheet of warmer, but saltier and heavier water below.

Lieutenant De Haven, when he went in command of the American expedition in search of Sir John Franklin and his companions, was told in his letter of instructions, to look, when he should get well up into the Wellington Channel, for an open sea to the northward and westward. He looked, and saw in that direction a "water sky." Captain Penny afterwards went there, found open water, and sailed upon it. The open sea in the Arctic Ocean is probably not always in the same place, as the Gulf Stream is not always in one channel, though always running in the same direction, its trough wavering about in the ocean not unlike a pennon in the breeze, and having its prescribed limits for March and September. The open sea is probably always where the waters of the under-currents are brought to the surface. Exploring parties may have been near this open sea without perceiving the warmth of its climate; for, every winter, an example of how very close warm water in the sea and a very severe climate on the land, or the ice, may be to each other, is afforded to us in the case of the Gulf Stream

and the Labrador-like climate of New England, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland. In these countries, in winter, the thermometer frequently sinks far below zero, notwithstanding that the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream may be found with their summer temperature within one day's sail of these very, very cold places.

Dr. Kane reports an open sea north of the parallel of eighty-two degrees. To reach it, his party crossed a barrier of ice eighty or a hundred miles broad. On the borders of this ice-bound sea they found subsistence—another proof of the high temperature and comparative mildness of its climate. But, before gaining the open water, he found the thermometer to show the extreme temperature of sixty degrees. Travelling north, he stood on the shores of an iceless sea, extending in an unbroken sheet of water as far as the eye could reach towards the pole. Its waves were dashing on the beach with the swell of a boundless ocean; the tides ebbd and flowed in it.

These tides, therefore, must have been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole. We must infer that most, if not all the unexplored regions about the pole, are covered with deep water; for, were this unexplored area mostly land or shallow water, it could not give birth to regular tides. Whalesmen have always been puzzled as to the place of breeding for the right whale. It is a cold-water animal; and the question is prompted: Is not the nursery for the great whale in this polar sea, which has been so set about and hemmed in with a hedge of ice that man may not trespass there? Whence comes the food for the young whales there? Do the teeming waters of the Gulf Stream convey it thither, in channels so far down in the depths of the sea that no enemy may waylay and spoil it? Seals were sporting and water-fowl feeding in this open sea of Dr. Kane's solitude, the cold and boundless expanse and the mysterious heavings of its green waters, lent their charm to the scene. The temperature of its waters was only thirty-six degrees! Such warm water could get there from the south only as a current far down in the depths below. The bottom of the ice of this eighty miles of barrier was no doubt many—perhaps hundreds of—feet below the surface level. Under this ice there was doubtless also water above the freezing-point.

Nor need the presence of warm water within the Arctic circle excite surprise, when we recollect that the cold waters of the frigid zone are transferred to the torrid without changing their temperature perhaps more than seven or eight degrees by the way. The thermal laws of "deep-sea" temperatures for fresh and for salt water are very difficult.

Seamen tell us of "red fogs" which they sometimes encounter, especially in the vicinity of the Cape de Verd Islands. In other parts of the sea also they meet showers of dust. What these showers precipitate in the Mediterranean is called "Sirocco dust;" in other parts "African dust," because the winds which accompany them are supposed to come from the Sirocco desert,

or some other parched land of the continent of Africa. Professor Ehrenberg calls it "sea-dust." It is of a brick-red or cinnamon colour; and it sometimes comes down in such quantities as to obscure the sun, darken the horizon, prevent a ship at mid-day from being seen beyond a quarter of a mile, and cover the sails and rigging with a coating of dust, though the vessel may be hundreds of miles from the land.

Now, were it possible to take a portion of air, as it travels in the general course of atmospheric circulation, and to put a tally on it by which we could follow it and always recognise it, then we might hope actually to prove by evidence the most positive the channels through which the air of the trade winds, after ascending at the equator, returns whence it came. But the air is invisible; and it is not easily perceived how marks may be put upon it, that it may be traced in its path through the clouds. As difficult as this seems to be, it has actually been done. Ehrenberg's microscope has established almost beyond a doubt, that the air, which the south-east trade winds bring to the equator, does rise up there and pass over into the northern hemisphere. The Sirocco or African dust has turned out to be tallies put upon the wind in the other hemisphere, as plainly as though marks had been written upon labels of wood and tied to the wings of the wind.

This dust, when examined with the microscope, is found to consist of infusoria and organisms whose habitat is *not* Africa, but South America, and moreover in the south-east trade wind region of South America. Specimens of sea-dust from the Cape de Verd and the regions thereabouts—from Malta, Genoa, Lyons, and the Tyrol—are found to have a similarity as striking as if all of them had been taken from the very same spot. South American forms prevail in every specimen examined. The dust is probably taken up at two remarkable periods of the year. The vernal equinox is the dry season of the valley of the Lower Orinoco. Everything is parched up with drought; the pools are dry, and the marshes and plains become arid wastes. All vegetation has ceased; the great serpents and reptiles have buried themselves for hibernation; the hum of insect life is hushed, and the stillness of death reigns through the valley. The light breeze, raising dust from the bed of dried-up lakes and lifting motes from the brown savannahs, bears them away, like clouds, in the air. The surface of the earth, strewed with impalpable and feather-light remains of animal and vegetable matter, is swept over by terrific whirlwinds, gales, and tornadoes. At the autumnal equinox, another portion of the Amazonian basin is parched with drought, and liable to winds that fill the air with dust, consisting of the impalpable organisms which each rainy season calls into being, to perish with the succeeding drought. If, at such times, two opposing currents of air, whose conflict produces a rotatory motion, come in contact with the soil, the plain assumes a strange and singular aspect. The sand rises in inverted conical clouds whose

points touch the earth, through the rarefied air of the whirling current, resembling waterspouts at sea. The lowering sky sheds a straw-coloured light on the desolate plain; the hot dusty particles which fill the air increase its suffocating heat; the horizon suddenly draws nearer, and the steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer.

We cannot pretend to prescribe the conditions requisite for bringing the dust-cloud down to the earth. The radiation of heat from smoke-dust—as the visible particles of smoke may be called—has the effect of loading each little atom of smoke with dew, causing it to descend in the black fogs of London. Any circumstances, therefore, which may cause the dust that ascends as a straw-coloured cloud from the Orinoco to radiate its caloric and collect moisture in the sky, may cause it to descend as a red fog in the Atlantic or Mediterranean.

As in the ocean, so in the air, there is a regular system of circulation. "The wind goeth towards the south, and turneth about unto the north; it whirleth about continually, and the wind returneth again according to his circuits." We have, extending entirely round the earth, two zones of perpetual winds, i.e. the zone of north-east trades on this side, and of south-east on that. With slight interruptions, these winds blow perpetually, and are as steady and as constant as the currents of the Mississippi river, always moving in the same direction, except when they are turned aside by a desert or a rainy region here and there to blow as monsoons, or as land and sea breezes. As these two main currents of air are constantly flowing from the poles towards the equator, we are safe in assuming that the air which they keep in motion must return by *some* channel to the place towards the poles whence it came in order to supply the trades. This return current *must* be in the upper regions of the atmosphere, at least until it passes over those parallels between which the trade winds are usually blowing on the surface. The agents concerned in producing the trade winds are to be found in the unequal distribution of land and sea, and rains, as between the two hemispheres. They derive their power from heat, it is true; but it is chiefly from the latent heat of vapour which is set free during the processes of precipitation. Halley's famous theory of the trade winds, especially as regards the cause of their easterly direction, is now criticised by Captain Maury as *not entirely satisfactory*.

Monsoons are, for the most part, trade winds deflected. When, at stated seasons of the year, a trade wind is turned out of its regular course, as from one quadrant to another, it is regarded as a monsoon; because it blows one half of the year from one direction, and the other half from an opposite, or nearly opposite, direction. The time of the changing of these winds, and their boundaries at the various seasons of the year, have been discussed in such numbers and mapped down in such characters that the navigator

who wishes to take advantage of them, or to avoid them altogether, is no longer in any doubt as to when and where they may be found.

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience the coming of the sea breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air which seems to give new life to all for their daily labours. About sunset there is again another calm. The sea breeze is now done, and in a short time the land breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea breeze—a wind from the sea by day and from the land by night—is so regular in intertropical countries, that they are looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical countries, this phenomenon is presented only in summer and fall. In the summer of the southern hemisphere, the sea breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place known to Captain Maury. Here, regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea breeze blows furiously; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets; people seek shelter; the Almendral is deserted, business interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off. Suddenly the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm. The lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud; the atmosphere is transparency itself; the Andes seem to draw near; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast. The evening invites abroad, and the population sally forth—the ladies in ball costume, for now there is not wind enough to disarrange the lightest curl. In the southern summer, this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity; and yet the calm always seems to surprise, and to come before one has time to realise that the furious sea wind could so soon be hushed.

The cause of land and sea breezes is obvious. When a fire is kindled on the hearth, we may, if we will observe the moats floating in the room, see that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught and to obey it—they are drawn into the blaze. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now the land is the hearth; the rays of the sun, the fire; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room: we have thus at our firesides the sea breeze in miniature. When the sun goes down, the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land thus becomes heavier than on the sea, and consequently there is a wind seaward which we call the land breeze.

One of the causes which make the west coast of Africa so very unhealthy, when compared

with places in corresponding latitudes on the opposite side of the Atlantic, as in Brazil, is no doubt owing to the difference of the land and sea breezes on the two sides. On the coast of Africa, the land breeze is universally scorching hot. There, the land breeze is the trade wind. It has traversed the continent, sucking up by the way disease and pestilence from the dank places of the interior. Reeking with miasm, it reaches the coast. Peru is also within the trade wind region, and the winds reach the west coast of South America, as they do the west coast of Africa, by an overland path; but, in the former case, instead of sweeping over dank places, they come cool and fresh from the pure snows of the Andes. Between this range and the coast, instead of marshes and a jungle, there is a desert, a rainless country, upon which the rays of the sun play with sufficient force not only to counteract the trade wind power, but to turn the scale and draw the air back from the sea, and so cause the sea breeze to blow regularly.

Amongst Captain Maury's most brilliant passages are those which explain the importance of the salts of the sea. The brine of the ocean is the ley of the earth. From it the sea derives dynamical power and its currents their main strength. Hence, to understand the dynamics of the ocean, it is necessary to study the effects of their saltness upon the equilibrium of its waters. Why was the sea made salt? It is the salts of the sea that impart to its waters its curious anomalies in the laws of freezing and of thermal dilatation. It is the salts of the sea that assist the rays of heat to penetrate its bosom; the power of salt water to transmit heat is very much greater than that of fresh. Were the sea fresh and not salt, Ireland would never have presented those ever-green shores which have won for her the name of the Emerald Isle, and the climate of England would have died with Labrador for inhospitality. Had not the sea been salt, the torrid zone would have been hotter and the frigid zone colder, for lack of aqueous circulation; had the sea not been salt, intertropical seas would have been at a constant temperature higher than blood heat, and the polar oceans would have been sealed up in everlasting fetters of ice, while certain parts of the earth would have been deluged with rain. Had the seas been of fresh water, the amount of evaporation, the quantity of rain, the volume and size of our rivers, would all have been different from what they are; thunderstorms would be feeble contrivances, flashing only with such sparks as the vegetable kingdom might lend to the clouds, when the juices of its plants are converted into vapour. It may seem strange that the sheet-lightning of the clouds and the forked flashes of the storm should have their genesis chiefly in the salts of the sea; but true it is that were there no salts in the waters of the ocean, the sound of thunder would scarcely be heard in the sky, there would be no Gulf Stream, and no open sea within the Arctic circle.

Here we reluctantly take leave of a work which must become monumental in American literature.

THE HYDE PARK PREACHINGS.

THERE is generally little to interest one in field-preaching. When I see at a little distance a dark patch of humanity congregated in a public place, with one conspicuous white face in the centre of the group, and when I hear at a distance the strained accents of a human voice, I do not usually go out of my way to ascertain what is going on; but would even rather deviate a little from my course to give the field-preacher a wide berth. I know by this time pretty well what I should see and hear if I joined that group, and what I should see and hear would give me more pain than pleasure.

After this avowal, it may seem strange when I announce that, on a certain Sunday in the month of April, I set off for Hyde Park, with the distinct intention of attending the preachings which are held there once every week, and of profiting by the political spoutings of which that great enclosure is the hebdomadal theatre.

The first thing I discerned on entering the Park was what, at a considerable distance, appeared to be a very little man standing upon a bench and looking about him. Hastening in the direction in which this phenomenon presented itself, I found it to be a lad of about sixteen or seventeen; little of his age, of a weak and unwholesome appearance, with a scar on his cheek that had caught his mouth up on one side, and with an utterance so impaired that what he said was at times scarcely intelligible. This boy—who wore spectacles, and who was engaged in reading aloud from the Bible—was accompanied by another lad of about his own age, who stood beside him with a collection of printed papers for distribution, and whose eye worked restlessly about among the congregation; which now began to assemble.

Of the doctrines put forth on this occasion, of the manner in which they were illustrated and enforced, there is no occasion to speak at length. The usual evangelical opinions were advanced in the usual phrases, which were repeated in endless iteration. This young boy, too, would speak of his experiences among sinners with the authority of a confessor, and would repeat his conversations with aged reprobates as if he had been a minister of religion for a score of years. He also alluded to the other boy who accompanied him as “our friend, who would shortly offer up a prayer.”

Whilst I was listening to, and wondering at, this new ministry of boys, another crowd had assembled at a little distance round another preacher. I left my post and set off towards this new point of attraction. Before I could reach it, however, another man appeared on the turf, with papers and books in his hands; and, while I was debating whether or not to join the crowd which was gathering round the bench on which he had presently established himself,

another set of boys started up close by under a tree, and began their service by singing a hymn. I counted six or seven different boys, of ages varying from twelve to seventeen years, employed in this way at different times, and I must own that there was an appearance of straining, of almost epileptic excitement about their gestures and bearing, which, coupled with the utterly common-place phrases they were speaking, was painful and distressing in the extreme. There was nothing fresh, nothing new, no germ of ability or promise about any one of them. All were alike, and all, perhaps, had belonged to one school, having been taught the same distressing performance by the same master.

A strange scene. The place was alive with these boy-preachers: the air as you passed along echoed with their voices. So much so, that one could hardly hear the vocal organ, though it was loud enough, too, of the gentleman who drew the greatest crowd of all, and who had chosen political rather than religious themes to discourse upon.

This personage—who, by-the-by, had some reason, judging by the condition of his wearing apparel, to disapprove of the state of things in general—was certainly very difficult to please, but he was, as is sometimes the case with his fraternity, much more skilful in making objections than in finding remedies. Blest with an extremely powerful voice, this gentleman began, as soon as he had mounted his bench, to call attention to the fact that that particular bench was not *his* bench, not the rostrum from which he ordinarily delivered his addresses. “I see,” said he, “that my friend the preacher yonder, whoever he is, has been beforehand with me, and has got my place. Well, you see, I don’t dispute it with him, I take another bench, and it does as well. That’s philosophy, that is. If there was more of that in the world, there wouldn’t be quite so much fighting as there is. Now, while my audience is getting together, I shall just read a poem or two, and then I shall go on with my usual course of lectures.”

He was a short, thick-set man, in a very seedy brown great-coat of the loose kind, and cut so short that the tails of some garment worn underneath it showed conspicuously enough. Underneath his hat his hair descended in immense quantities, and was twisted into a sort of ringlet behind each ear. His beard was reddish, and somewhat mangy; his eyes, singularly small and dark, were sunk far back into his head, but were full of an excessive vitality and fire of energy. His reading was of the mouthing order, and the poem, which, as far as one could listen to it, seemed to be of the old radical type, was interspersed by remarks from the orator himself, who would say, in the middle of some sublime denunciation of the author against those who

“Starve the mechanic that the cur may dine,
—that is to say, they’ll take jolly good care of their lapdogs, and their horses, and their poll-parrots, and let the people—the masses, the vulgar herd, as they call them—want the neces-

saries of life." ("Hear, hear!" from two members of the crowd, concerning the first of whom it was pretty evident that the chief necessity of his life was gin, and that he managed, in spite of the aristocracy, to get it; while, with regard to the second, the chief necessity of his life seemed to be soap and water, which he certainly did not get.) "That reminds me," continued the orator, who was singularly discursive, and could not stick to one subject for five minutes together—"that reminds me of the recent famine in India, and as we were talking about lapdogs, and curs, and such-like, I mean to say that of all the pack of hounds—yes, that's the word, *hounds*—the precious set by whom we are governed are the most curish lot, and if the people, if you who are standing here this day, knew your own power, I mean to say that you might make 'em—ah, *make 'em*—take your needs and your wishes into consideration. But with regard to the East and this famine which has lately been raging—and it is with the East that my present lecture has to do"—(A wag in the crowd: "Can't yer do nothink with this here east wind?")—"with regard to this Eastern question, what I say, and what I *do* say, and what I *will* say, is this, that if we had not been governed, or rather I will say misgoverned, in the most atrocious and shameful manner, and if there had not been the most selfish and unfeeling system at work, and a parcel of lazy idle brutes neglecting their duties, this famine need never have occurred at all. But who cares for a lot of poor devils who only represent a *people*? There's my Lord Derby's stud, they must be fed and looked after, and so must the Prince Consort's pigs, but never mind about half the population of a country (every member of which, mind you, is as important as either of those two lazy aristocrats just named)—never mind whether they starve or not. The fact is, it's all a close borough, that's what the government of this country is. As for the people being represented, they can't get into it, no more than I can get into Buckingham Palace. And mind you this ain't all. It isn't all confined to the higher ranks; there is"—continued the orator, who had apparently been equally ill-used by all classes of society—"there is the same spirit of exclusiveness everywhere. Why, I happen to know in the cabinet-making trade—" ("What's that got to do with the Heest?" inquired a member of the audience.) "Never mind what it's got to do with the East. I'll show you presently. It's all connected. That's a man, now, of one idea," continued the speaker, pointing in the direction from which the question had just emanated. "That's a man who can't see the connexion of things." ("Hear, hear!" from a small boy, who thought he *could* see the connexion of things.) "What I mean to prove is, that it's all wrong, cabinet-makers and cabinet ministers alike." ("Quite true," said a young man with a fluffy whisker; who, upon several persons near him turning suddenly about and staring at him, turned so red, became the victim of such St. Vitus-like contortions,

and presented generally so smiling and despicable an appearance, that he was really an object for commiseration.)

"I know a young man at this moment," the speaker resumed, upon which he of the fluffy whisker became again the subject of popular scrutiny, "who is the victim, as I may say, of the cabinet-makers. They won't have a workman among 'em who hasn't served his apprenticeship." ("Quite right too," from somebody who possibly had served his apprenticeship.) "No it isn't, it's quite wrong. If he hasn't got his indentures to show, he may work as well as he likes, and they won't have anything to say to him." (At this point several able-looking workmen, standing near the young man with the fluffy whisker, began to look at him disparagingly, and one old fellow even went so far as to shake his head gravely at him, giving vent to a contemptuous grunt.)

At this juncture there was an interruption in the speaker's remarks, caused by his finding himself in the distressing position of having to recant. A member of the assembly stepped up to the bench, and a long whispered conference took place between him and the lecturer, interrupted only by occasional cries of "Speak up!" and "Say it aloud!" from the bystanders. Presently the orator began again:

"I find that in this matter about the Cabinet-Makers' Association I have been misinformed. My friend here" (everybody is a friend with a mob-orator or field-preacher)—"my friend here tells me that he is himself in the trade, and that the field is always open to good workmen. I am not here to bear false witness against the cabinet-makers. I have been misinformed, but it's very strange: I had what I said from good authority." ("No, no!" from several cabinet-makers.) "Oh yes, but I had, though; in fact, I had it from the party himself whose work was refused." (At this the young man, who was no doubt innocent of any connexion with the affair, became again a point for invidious observation, and the old mechanic even went beyond disparaging gestures, and was heard to mutter to himself, in an oily bass tone, "Ah! he'll come to no good.")

"Now, with regard to this strike," the lecturer went on, alluding to that event, the commencement of which was then in everybody's mouth, "I must say I have the profoundest sympathy with the men who organised it." ("Hear, hear!" from some very obvious "strikers.") "If these men are kept beyond their nine hours, what is to become of their minds? that's what I ask; what's to become of their education? what's to become of their self-improvement?" (Here a group of boys behind the speaker, wishing probably to express their disapproval of education in the abstract, and self-improvement in particular, became so noisy that the orator was obliged to stop his discourse to call them to order. He managed, however, to turn the interruption to account.) "Can't you hold your row, you boys? I wonder you are not more respectful, more polite, I may say, than to in-

interrupt a gentleman when he's speaking. And yet I don't wonder, neither. What opportunities have these boys had of knowing better? Their fathers kept working ten hours a day instead of nine, of course they've no time to teach them better. Poor boys, I pity them! I pity *them*; but I reprobate and defy those who have brought them to this state, and who like to keep them in it too, for fear their minds should develop, and they should feel their own power. That's what the governing classes are afraid of. But how long, do you think, they'll be able to keep the people back like this? that's what I want to know. I ask that member of parliament" (shouted the speaker, stretching out his arm and addressing an imaginary senator, but unconsciously again directing popular attention to the "young man," who was now given up as a cabinet-maker, and invested with a seat in the House of Commons by the populace)—"I ask that member of parliament, steeped as he is to the neck in precedents, in formalities, in red-tape, and in what we all understand better, in BOSH—I ask him, is he not afraid of the PEOPLE? I ask that bishop" (here the populace gave the young man up in disgust—he *couldn't* be a bishop)—"I ask that bishop, with his lawn sleeves, and his apron, his mitre, and his seat in the House of Lords, among the miscalled nobility—isn't he afraid of the PEOPLE? And what do they tell me?" (continued the orator with that glorious privilege which the solitary speaker, whether clerical or otherwise, possesses of making his opponents answer what he pleases)—"what do they tell me?—what are they obliged to tell me?—what do I force from them, whether they like it or not?—that they *are* afraid of the people; afraid of their power, of their slumbering passions, of their unawakened intellect!"

Here the speaker diverged into an analysis of the deficiencies of all the principal politicians of the day, disposing of each, in but a few words, as inadequate to his post, and interspersing the diatribe with numerous questions, which every M.P. was, of course, wholly helpless to reply to. At length, when every name of any celebrity, and some of no celebrity at all, had been disposed of, and had all been set down as in their dotage, or otherwise incapable, a captious gentleman in the crowd took upon him to inquire "What it was the speaker was driving at? You are putting heverythink down," said this individual, "and what do you set hup?—nothink." ("Hear!" from several friends.)

"That's just what I'm coming to, if you'd only have patience," retorted the lecturer. "First of all, I've proved to you that all these governing classes are unfit for their functions"—(A Voice: "No you haven't!")—"and now I mean to show you one or two who might supply their places." ("Yourself, I suppose," cried the voice heard just before.) "No, not myself. It isn't for me to blow my own trumpet. I leave others to do that for me; and I'm glad to find that in some of those journals which espouse the right cause, my merits are recognised, and my remarks supported and quoted by the enlightened

editors of those journals; but it isn't for me to speak of myself. I could mention to you the names of parties who deserve the public confidence—parties whom all enlightened politicians are looking to as the coming men." ("Name, name!" from several voices.) "There are parties at this moment standing in this very assembly, who would do honour to any cause." ("Name!" "Well, I've no objection to name." (Voice: "Well, why don't you?" "I will name the name of SQUILLARS." (Loud cries of "Who is he?" "Never heard of him!" "Let him show himself!" "Put him up on the bench!") "That's the name I would put forward. Who is wanted to save this country?—Squillars! Who is wanted for naval reform?—Squillars! Who is wanted for reducing the enormous expenditure of the country?—Squillars! Who is wanted to arrange the difficulties of the strike, to prevent the recurrence of an Indian famine, to reduce the price of butcher's meat, to promote the education of the masses, and to harmonise and weld together all the conflicting elements which threaten to explode among us? To all these questions I answer in one word—SQUILLARS!"

A pause succeeded this announcement, and the public, bewildered by this tremendous eulogy, seemed to be thinking to itself whether it really did not know all about Squillars, and had forgotten, when a gentleman among the crowd, whose calmness under the gaze of the multitude, whose evident want of reverence for anything in the world, independently of his hollow cheeks and the peculiar twang which characterised his utterance, proclaimed him a citizen of the *Dis-United States*, was heard to utter these words:

"I beg to say, sir, that I have pursued the course of your remarks pretty close, sir, and followed them up sharp, with the hope of profiting by them; but I am compelled to slant aside from you on this question of Squillars, and to inform this company that Squillars is an unknown man." ("Hear, hear!" "I thought so!" from many voices.) "I have here," continued the American gentleman, "in my hand a notebook, in which air putt down the names of all those persons who ought to have a share in guiding and sustaining the councils of our leading European cabinets, and I beg to inform you, sir, that among those names I do *not* find that of Squillars."

Hereupon there followed a sharp discussion, in which the American put so many difficult questions on the subject of Squillars, that it ended in the production of Mr. Squillars himself, who took his place upon the bench by the side of his friend, but who, so far from benefiting his cause by this step, was found to injure it so materially, that the public was not long in expressing, almost in so many words, that it conceived Mr. Squillars to have mistaken his vocation, and that it recommended him to accept the Chiltern Hundreds with as little delay as possible.

A good deal of confusion ensued about this

time, which was not diminished by the fact that a stout gentleman took this opportunity of mounting upon a neighbouring bench, and developing his views on various matters; and though it would be hard to say what the views were, it was yet certain that the stout gentleman's voice—he being fresh, too—was louder than our original lecturer's voice, who now altogether changed his note, and began offering his "new national anthem—God save the People," for sale, which done, and all the floating capital that was to be had being secured, he thanked the audience all round for listening to his remarks, and promising them another opportunity of profiting by his wisdom on the following Sunday, descended from his pulpit and lapsed once more into private life.

Meanwhile there were no signs of flagging or weariness among the other speakers, who were all this time busy in different parts of the Park with their little knots of auditory. The sound of their voices made itself heard on all sides, and, as you passed along, snatches of doctrine reached you from one and another, and words of strange import rang in your ears.

"I know, myself, that I am saved."—"I feel that if I was to die this moment I should go to Heaven." Words of this and the like awful kind were to be heard that day in Hyde Park, while sometimes a preacher—a boy this was—would enforce his inculcation of the worthlessness of works without faith, with what sounded at first as startling as this:

"If I were to hear any man say, 'I shall go out of this Park to day with a distinct intention of reforming what is amiss in my manner of life, of correcting this bad tendency, of abandoning that bad habit, of resisting the incursions of evil, and cultivating my better and higher instincts, aiming at such high attainments as become the nobleness of man,—if I should hear any man express himself thus, I would say, 'I have nothing to do with you; you are trusting to a delusion and a lie, and are altogether in a wrong way.'"

Wonderful were these boys. Sometimes one of them would catch sight of a little child, holding by its father's hand, and instantly improving the occasion, would say, to the child's unspeakable terror, "Come and hold my hand, and walk with me. I was once a little boy, I was a child once, bless you! Come hand in hand with me."

Sometimes, again, a friend came up to where one of these lads was preaching—a grown-up man—whom the boy would receive with a broad grin, and make him free of his bench. The new arrival, scarcely giving himself time to shake hands first, sprung up on the bench and plunged at once into his subject, to the inexpressible edification of the assembled boys. There appeared, too, to be a strange and mysterious connexion between all these preachers, and you would hear one group talking about what was going on in another.

To attempt to give any idea of the endless re-

petitions of which the addresses and the hymns used by these youthful ministers ordinarily consist, would be to issue demands upon the confidence of the reader which he could hardly be expected to meet. One hymn seemed to consist almost entirely of the repetition of a sacred name, coupled with an invitation to the hearer, with an unceasing reiteration of these words, "Now's the time—now's the time—now's the time."

This same reiteration was found, too, in all the sermons; and, besides this, a kind of idle questioning, which is singularly unmeaning and wretched. "Now, answer me," says the preacher—as if one *could* answer him—"now answer me, why does the apostle act thus? Is it because he is anxious to secure the approbation of mankind? Is it because he wishes to advance his own interests? Is it that he is indolent, vain, or self-confident?" The personalities inflicted on the bystanders are singularly unpleasant. "Mind it is to you I am speaking," the preacher cries, turning suddenly round, and fixing some harmless person enough with his glance. "It is to you I am speaking. It is not to that man on your left hand—no, nor to that boy on your right hand—it is to you, and you only."

The political preachings in Hyde Park furnish an instance of that freedom which a form of government too secure for fear can venture to permit. Outside the ring where such ignorant ravings were going on might be observed the serene countenance of a stolid policeman, as little disturbed by the attacks of the orator on the government of which he was a servant, as the English constitution by the threatened elevation of Mr. Squillars himself. Of the religious movement it is more difficult to speak. There is something about this notion of a ministry of boys that is not pleasing. They do not preach well—how should they? The mere notion of their thus addressing their elders in language of reproof, and in the accents of the teacher speaking to the pupil, is hardly suggestive of what is fit and becoming.

As, on my way out of the Park, I reached the outskirts of the crowd that hemmed in the last of these young preachers, and prepared to take my departure, I could not help noticing, with a feeling of some amusement, a certain figure standing at the very edge of the assembly. It was the figure of a man listening very eagerly to the incoherencies which one of these boy-preachers was dragging his way through, wearily, at the close of the day. This man had his head bent eagerly forward, and hearing with his eyes as well as his ears, was glancing from the corners of the first-named organs as those do who are listening with especial eagerness. He was dressed entirely in black, a peculiar thin white muslin band, with black showing through it, enveloping his neck. A smile of the most withering contempt played about his thin lips and the corners of his watching eyes.

He was a Jesuit priest.

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[TURN OVER.]

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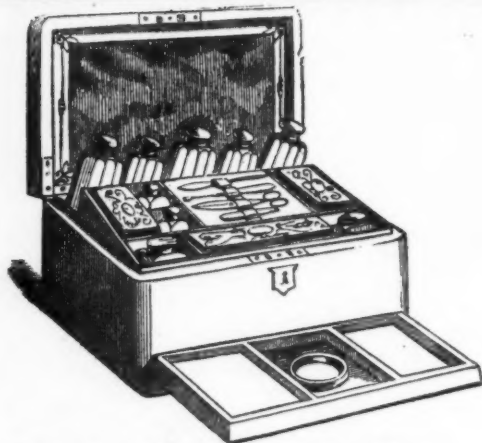
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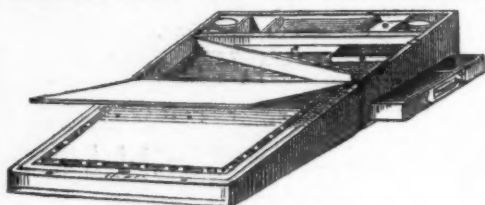
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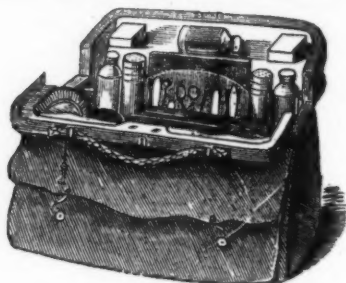
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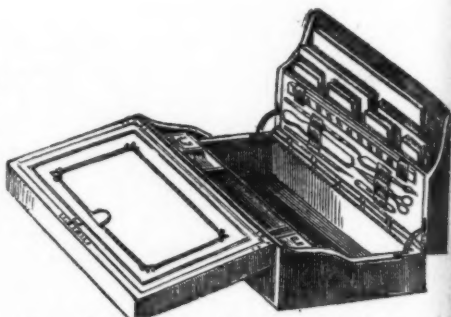
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